

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You haue it full Benedicke, we may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers her selfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not haue his head on her shoulders for al Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Disdaine! are you yet liuing?

Beat. Is it possible Disdaine should die, while shee hath such meeete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe must conuert to Disdaine, if you come in her preface.

Ben. Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I loue none.

Beat. A deere happinesse to women, they would elsse haue beene troubled with a pernicious Surer, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heere my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man sweare he loues me.

Ben. God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

Ben. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I haue done.

Beat. You alwaies end with a lades trick, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the summe of all: *Leonato*, signior *Claudio*, and signior *Benedicke*; my deere friend *Leonato*, hath inuited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily praies some occasion may detain vs longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all dutie.

John. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

Leon. Please it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Marcell Benedicke and Claudio.

Claudio. Benedicke, didst thou note the daughter of signior *Leonato*?

Ben. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Claudio. Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

Ben. Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true iudgement? or would you haue me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?

Claudio. No, I pray thee speake in sober iudgement.

Ben. Why yfaith me thinks shee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can afford her, that were shee other then she is, she were vnhandsome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.

Claudio. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Ben. Would you buie her, that you enquire after her?

Claudio. Can the world buie such a iewell?

Ben. Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowing iacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall aman take you to goe in the song?

Claudio. In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer I lookt on.

Ben. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cosin, and she were not possibill with a furie, exceeds her as much in beautie, as the first of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you haue no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Claudio. I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had sworn the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Ben. Ist come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with suspicion? Shall I neuer see a batcheller of three score againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and sigh away fundaines: looke, don *Pedro* is returned to seeke you.

Enter don Pedro, John the bastard.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatos*?

Bened. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would haue you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answer is, with *Hero*, *Leonatos* short daughter.

Claudio. If this were so, so were it vttered.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.

Claudio. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is yet well worthie.

Claudio. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speake my thought.

Claudio. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine.

Claudio. That I loue her, I feele.

Pedro. That she is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how shee should be loued, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast euer an obstinate heretique in the despite of Beautie.

Claudio. And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Ben. That

Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thanke her: that she brought mee vp, I likewise giue her most humble thanks: but that I will haue a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuisible baldricke, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will liue a Batchellor.

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.

Ben. With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger, my Lord, not with loue: proue that euer I loose more blood with loue, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel-house for the signe of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if euer thou doost fall from this faith, thou wilt proue a notable argument.

Ben. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd *Adams*.

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the sauage Bull doth beare the yoke.

Ben. The sauage bull may, but if euer the sensible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, heere is good horse to hire: let them signifie vnder my signe, here you may see *Benedicke* the married man.

Claudio. If this should euer happen, thou wouldst bee horne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid haue not spent all his Quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Ben. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonatos*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Ben. I haue almost matter enough in me for such an Embassage, and so I commit you.

Claudio. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The sixt of Iuly. Your louing friend, *Benedicke*.
Ben. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leaue you. *Exit.*

Claudio. My Liege, your Highnesse now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne Any hard Lesson that may do thee good.

Claudio. Hath *Leonato* any sonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but *Hero*, she's his onely heire.

Claudio. Dost thou affect her *Claudio*?

Claudio. O my Lord,

When you went onward on this ended action, I lookt vpon her with a souldiers eie, That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand, Than to drine liking to the name of loue: But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes, Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting mee how faire yong *Hero* is, Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be And tire the hearer with If thou dost loue faire *Hero* And I will breake with That thou beganst to

Claudio. How sweetly That know loues griefe But lest my liking might I would haue salu'd it

Pedro. What need'st thou The fairest graunt is thine Looke what wilt serue, And I will fit thee with I know we shall haue r

Claudio. I will asstume thy part in And tell faire *Hero* I am And in her bosome He

Ben. And take her hearing p And strong incounter c Then after, to her fath

Claudio. And the conclusion is, In praefise let vs put it

Enter Leonato and

Leo. How now brot hath he provided this n

Old. He is very bu you newes that you ye

Leo. Are they good

Old. As the eucats f couer: they shew well

Claudio walking in a th were thus ouer-heard b

Ben. couered to *Claudio* tha

Ben. ter, and meant to ackn

Ben. and if hee found her ac

Ben. present time by the top

Ben. of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow

Old. A good sharp question him your selfe

Leo. No, no; wee peare it selfe: but I wi

Ben. that she may be the be

Ben. aduenture this bee true

Ben. fins, you know what y

Ben. cie friend, goe you w

Ben. good cosin haue a care

Enter Sir John the Bast

Con. What the goo

Con. thus out of measure sad

John. There is no me

Con. therefore the sadnesse is

Con. You should h

John. And when I h

Con. geth it?

Con. If not a present

John. I wonder that

Con. borne vnder *Saturne*) g

Con. dicine, to a mortifying

Con. am: I must bee sad w

Con. mans iests, eat when I

Con. mans leifure: sleepe wh

Con. mans businesse, laugh w

Con. in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you m

Con. till you may doe it w